To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters *Warwike* and reſcues *Richard*, & then *exeunt omnes*.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter *Henry ſolus*.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on v
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes,
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This woful battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might ſtaie theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when *I* was thence,
Would God that I were dead ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a ſouldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to daie,
Maie be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to find them if I can,
But ſtay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight,
From London was I preſt out by the king,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other ſouldier, with a dead man.

2. *Sould.*

2. *Sould.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſte,
But ſtaie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my ſonne that *I* haue ſlaine in fight,
O monſtrous times begetting ſuch euents,
How cruel, bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too ſone.

King Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes,
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?

King. How will the people now miſdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could ſatisfie.

1. *Sould.* Was euer ſon ſo rude his fathers bloud to ſpil?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vnnaturall his ſon to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed ſtill?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
For wo is me to ſee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For *I* haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.